

## diagnosed by headfirstslider (orphan\_account)

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**Summary:**

Jonathan comes home with a diagnosis of what's been troubling him for all his life.



## diagnosed

Jonathan treasured the words of his psychiatrist in his mind. Autism Spectrum Disorder, ASD for short. It made sense when he thought about it. He knocked on the door of his, Nancy and Steve's house, as he hadn't brought the keys with him. He didn't feel defeated or different; he knew the diagnosis just made things have sense and not for them to change.

"Hey, hot stuff!" Steve said as he let him in, planting a kiss on the shorter boy's forehead. "So, how did it go?" he asked. It was Jonathan's second session with this psychiatrist, and he was curious to hear if he had put him on medication or anything.

"I got diagnosed with somethin'," he hummed as he sat down on the sofa, and Nancy (who was in the kitchen, making pancakes) quickly sat with him.

"What?" Nancy looked mildly concerned. She knew Jonathan was different, in some way, but neither Steve or her cared. They had never put a name to it; they just knew there was something special about their boyfriend.

"ASD," Jonathan said quickly, not looking at Nancy. She knew that, besides the years and years they had known each other, he had a hard time with eye contact when he was nervous or anxious.

"ASD? What does that stand for?" Steve inquired as he sat down with his girlfriend and boyfriend. He had a vague idea, he could recall reading about something with those initials but... he couldn't remember.

Jonathan sighed, avoiding Steve's and Nancy's eyes. "Autism spectrum disorder," he whispered, barely audible, and Steve looked at Nancy, a hint of understanding on both their eyes.

"So like... Aspergers?" Steve questioned softly, and he stopped himself from apologizing.

"Asperger's Syndrome is now in the same diagnosis as autism, under,



well, autism spectrum disorder. But the doc said I was quite high functioning for most things."

"I see," Nancy said. "We're not mad, Jon. It makes sense, actually."

"Yeah," Jonathan said, nodding. His voice was monotone, his tone plain. "Remember when I took a picture of you two, when you were about to fuck? I didn't think it was inappropriate. Autistic people usually have a hard time with societal norms."

Steve raised his eyebrows. "Oh! That makes it have so much more sense," he said, sounding surprised.

"And like... I'd have to research more, but autistic people usually have an interest that's like, their ultimate favorite. We like to research and research about it and know more."

"Photography," Nancy and Steve said at once. Jonathan looked at Steve first and then Nancy, smiling widely.

"Yeah," Jonathan nodded.

Nancy knew they would know more about it soon enough. But for the time being they were happy with giving a name to Jonathan's troubles with relationships and eye contact.

Nancy kissed Jonathan, who was a bit startled but gave in. "We love you no matter what, Jonny. Right, Steve?"

"Damn right," Steve nodded, and Jonathan felt warm knowing they'd love him for him, no matter what.